

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Allied Meta Forces"

(feat. Kool G Rap)

### *[Canibus:]*

Yo, the shotee rip, perforate the skin on top of your ribs  
Red stuff comes out of squibs like a Hollywood script  
Bitch niggaz on the floor screamin' for mommy and shit  
Cardiologists hook up the heart monitors quick  
Thermometer temperature dips below seventy-six  
That's what you get for tellin' niggaz that you're better than 'Bis  
Not possible, if I can't pronounce it, it ain't rhymable  
The audible probability probably ain't probable  
Supreme rap, G rap underground without a roof  
Chopper proof, holdin' Hip-Hop for hostage about to shoot  
Helicopters stabilize at low altitudes  
Talkin' to the negotiator layin' out the rules  
In a tight compromisin' loop road blocked with troops  
Under orders not to shoot but they break your vertebra with boots  
Ten O'clock news flash, 'Bis and G Rap  
All points bulletin lookin' for them niggaz in black  
Leaned back in an Avocado El-Dorado  
Passin' the bottle, speakin' Japanese like, "No me mah show"  
She's got a banging body, cold sushi with warm saki  
And if I'm rappin' sloppy G's got me

### *[Kool G. Rap:]*

Welcome to my world, danger and hazards  
Gang of bastards, bangin' they ratchets  
King and the Jacker, slangin' in traffic  
Claimin' they cabbage, obtain half, they aimin' for stackage  
Get brains from the attic, keep blingin' with karats  
Cops see me in Maddox, then let ya dame have it, flames to the attic  
The stains on ya fabric, the paint in the graphic  
Canibus and G Rap, bangin' a classic  
And if that beef on the street - hate you enough  
Blow out ya brain in ya casket  
Don't you love this drug element?  
Where slugs crush ya melon and dome  
Chrome that's known to break bones in an elephant  
Shotgun pellets and, gunsmoke; smell the scent  
Big bullets wiggle ya guts like gelatin  
Cut through ya skeleton, knockage intelligence  
Bystanders bite the dust  
Jake wanna be like a Russian cuffed thrown in that Riker bus  
We raised in the slums, with haze in our lungs, raisin' the guns  
Knowin' - my day'll come, razors under the tongue  
Clips in the steel, bricks in the wheels  
Chips in the field of fortune  
Dead men walkin' with hits on the grills

Late night at the spot, posted with goons, dope and balloons  
Coke and the doom, you scheme?  
I'll leave you open with wounds, nigga!  
Witness G Rap put it back in perspective  
Beat up shit with a dash of the peppers  
Get blast for ya necklace  
Leave ya brains on the dash in ya Lexus  
We up in the club, dash for the exit  
Make ya spread 'em out - show you what this lead about  
Take it from an old thug, whoever clean cold blood  
Believe they bled it out (Yo)  
Crave for the war, pop out rages with fours  
Hit the jackpot, blazin' the raw - gettin' bands in the pores  
Bitches enjoy with dick in their jaws  
The frame drank sick of Valor, straight bandit spot  
Open up shop, turn the block to "Planet Rock"  
Shit with no chop, slept with the glock with the hammer cocked  
Servin' the fiends, hop in the Suburban and lean  
Look at that don nigga swervin' in Queens, playa  
Ballin' a lot, brawlin' for props, callin' the shots  
Hit the curb, birds all on the flock  
Jockin', like "who that there covered in all of them rocks"  
(Giacanna) It's royalty bitch, fall on the cock, recognize one (Ride out)  
Giacanna G Rap, that live one - pay homage (God bitch!)  
Get it fucked up, I spray comments, nigga what?!  
(Nigga what, it's The Curriculum: Mic Club)

*[Canibus:]*  
Yo, e'yythin' is e'yythin' my nigga  
I ain't bitter but if I give you the finger it'll be behind a trigger  
Faggot ass nigga livin' in a gated community  
Up at radio tellin' them what you're going to do to me  
I live in the 'burbs  
Clean my Winchester every other weekend with the same dirty Hanes shirt  
It takes two to tango, three to jump rope  
Four to bury the body plus look out for poe'  
Yo, I guard everythin' within the limits of my post  
My orders are to smoke you if you get too close  
The whole Globe is scared of my flow  
Spirit world, scared of my soul  
Nowadays it's like I'm scared to be known  
The methods of my motivation is completely subjective  
My perception is completely parallel to perspective  
Rhyming is the reason I spit in faces  
Habituation of my flamboyance without rational reservation  
Whiskey, X-ray, Yankee, Zulu, unusual  
Wordologically my syllable position is beautiful  
Only respect niggaz if the feelin' is mutual  
G Rap snatched the jewels from you; I'll throw them in the crucible  
Probably throw you in it too, mix it up and make nigga-stew  
If you can't admit I'm iller than you  
Baby what's wrong with your shadows, Canibus and G Rap flow  
Mothafucka you're 'fessionallin' with the Pros

*[Kool G. Rap:]*

Know it's, dough over hoes - bankrolls, Rovers and clothes  
And shots blow all them cowards and foes  
Giacanna proud with the pros, foul mode  
We quick reachers, spear with the fearless 'til you drip liter  
Flip divas, the big secret on the strip to 'til their tits and beaver  
Sip Cris' and sniff coke of the peeter  
Yeah we ball big baby, lock off the meter  
You should see us, it's movie star status  
Scar lavish large cabbage, rip the Pablo Escobar fabrics  
Froze the road we chose, not a pretty route, nittied out  
Grimey and grittied out, stack dough, jiggy out  
Dime bitches behavin' like ya sex slave skizzied out  
Some nigga dizzy style 'til he's out, busy mouth  
Swerve to the curb, hit the bird split the kitties out  
We kidnap for trap - blackmail for a gang a mill  
Spot banger himself, fishscale rocks under the fingernails  
The blood trail lead to a corpse  
Treat my appetite for greed with a torch  
For keys to a Porsche, to breeze in the loft  
Roll up my hand sheets with the force  
We squeeze off, no need for remorse, playa  
Forty wild goons, we forty Calhouns  
You die forty foul dooms for forty coward moves  
Bless sparkle, and spark until my shorty style rules  
Giancanna dead? We spread; I'll be a 40 mile tune nigga  
What, what nigga? The noble laureate comin' at y'all niggaz  
Uh, 40-pound style nigga